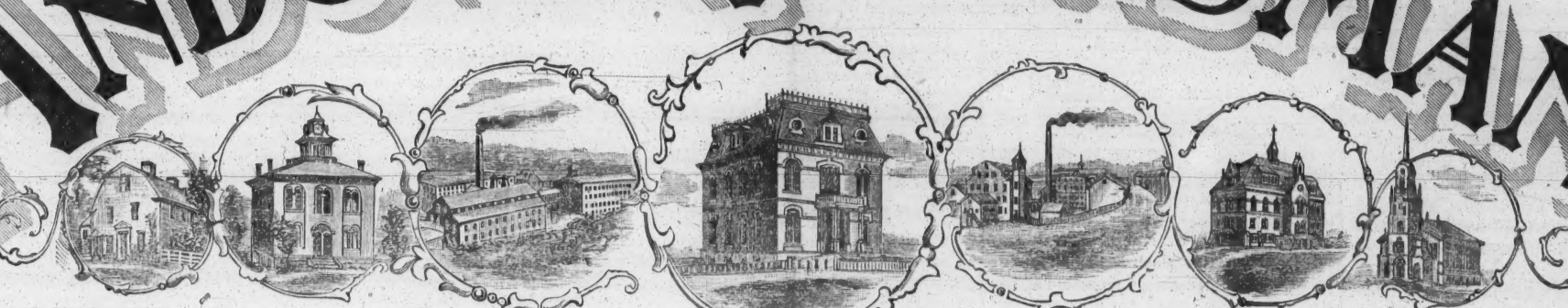


THE ANDOVER TOWNSMAN



Andover, everywhere and always, first, last, she has been the manly, straight-forward, sober, patriotic, New England Town.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

VOL. I.

ANDOVER, MASS., DECEMBER 23, 1887.

NO. 11

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No. 15 Central St.

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Office and Residence, 43 Main Street.
OFFICE HOURS.
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Office hours, until 9 a.m.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p.m.

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Office hours, 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.

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done with promptness and despatch. Special care
with interfering and overreaching horses.
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First-Class Teams at reasonable rates.
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All kinds of Brick Work and Jobbing
promptly attended to.
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Summary of Daily News.

FRIDAY, Dec. 16.

Great snow-storm in Texas.
St. Raphael's (Catholic) church in East Dedham, and the town of Mapleton, Dak., destroyed by fire.
Newfoundland bait act, forbidding foreigners to catch or lay bait, receives royal assent at last.

SATURDAY, Dec. 17.

Eightieth birthday of poet, Whittier, celebrated at his home by many visitors.
Accident on International Railway in New Brunswick, an engine while clearing snow on a bridge falling over into the river; eight men killed.
The Chicago anarchists hurled at last—Capt. Black delivering a eulogy upon them.
High School building burned in Dexter, Me., and a \$100,000 fire in Milwaukee.
Express train runs into gravel train near Littleton, Mass., killing a brakeman.
Cyclone in Indian Territory; five persons killed and property destroyed.
Explosion in coal mine at Fleming, Mo., killing fifteen miners and imprisoning many others.

SUNDAY, Dec. 18.

Rev. Geo. A. Gordon preaches at the Harvard students' meeting in Globe Theatre.
Rev. James Freeman Clark preaches on the Best methods of promoting temperance.
Snow throughout New England; severe gale off Cape Cod, and on the coast of Maine.

MONDAY, Dec. 19.

Snow-blockade in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.
Railroad disasters on St. Paul and Duluth R. R. in Minnesota, and on Erie R. R. in Pennsylvania; two persons killed by last, several by first.

TUESDAY, Dec. 20.

Funeral of Gov. Bodwell at the State House in Augusta.
Grange Day—annual meetings in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, respectively at Skowhegan, Manchester and Springfield.
The Blizzard states beyond the Mississippi, from Minnesota to Missouri, have a hard day of it, with wind, cold and snow.
Music Hall Building in Haverhill damaged by fire; \$12,000.

An Elevated Railroad train (6th avenue) thrown from the track by a defective rail, and only prevented from falling into the street by timbers which were there in connection with the building of a third track.

Freight train thrown off the track by railroad wreckers in Virginia; two were killed and others badly injured.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21.

Senator Dawes's bill for the appointment of a salaried Fish Commissioner, passes the Senate.
Reception given to Laura Bridgman at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of her connection with that institution.
Gas explosion in Rochester, N. Y.; four men killed and three flouring mills destroyed.

Forefathers' Day celebrated by Old Colony Congregational Club at Brockton, with

speeches by Charles Carleton Coffin and Dr. Smith Baker, and by the Essex Congregational Club at Salem, with exercises by Rev. C. B. Rice, Rev. E. A. Lawrence, and Dr. J. G. Vose.

THURSDAY, Dec. 22.

Severe gale on the coast; continued reports of suffering in Kansas and Nebraska.
Pacific Mills taxation case before the County Commissioners at Lawrence.
\$200,000 fire in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Various News Items.

A dastardly attempt was made to wreck a passenger train, on Sunday evening, near Northboro on the South Framingham and Fitchburg division of the Old Colony, large railroad lies being placed across the track. Fortunately, they were discovered just in time to avert a disaster. The detectives suspect a man who had been put off the train the evening before near that place.

A New York legislative commission appointed last year to ascertain the most humane mode of capital punishment, of which Elbridge T. Gerry is chairman, has decided to report, it is said, in favor of the use of electricity. Would it not be a capital thing to administer a shock to such miscreants—e.g. the train wrecker above noticed—as wantonly or maliciously plot the destruction of innocent lives? Only the electric application is said to be painless!

The important war news from Europe this week concerns a fight between America and England, in the persons of Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith, the engagement taking place on the Island of St. Pierre in the River Seine. For 106 rounds Kilrain tried to kill Smith, till with wonderful magnanimity they pledged themselves to be eternal friends—and to fight John L. Sullivan. P.S. The cable brings the thrilling announcement that Sullivan, who is exhibiting himself (and his diamond belt) in Glasgow has challenged Kilrain or Smith to fight for \$5,000 a side. We suggest the Prince of Wales and Mayor O'Brien as his seconds.

The Massachusetts Central Railroad, which has been so long in building, is at last completed, and through trains began, Dec. 19, to run from Boston to Northampton. The distance between these points is 108 miles and the running time at present three hours and three quarters. Many towns on the line are reached for the first time by rail, or better accommodated than before. The Boston terminus is the Lowell depot, the Lowell R. R. having originally leased the Central, although the line now falls, with the Lowell, into the possession of the Boston and Maine.

The death of Gov. Joseph R. Bodwell of Maine, at his home in Hallowell, as briefly announced last week, is of public interest aside from the fact that he was brought up in our immediate vicinity and that his brother, Mr. Henry A. Bodwell, resides in our town. Gov. Bodwell was a self-made man. A farmer's son in Methuen, where he was born in 1818, he learned the shoe-maker's trade at seventeen, working at the same time he was attending school. For ten years more he worked on a farm bought by his father and himself in Methuen. While engaged in teaming granite from Pelham, N. H., to build the dam in Lawrence, he became interested in the process of quarrying, and afterwards entered the business at Fox

Island in Penobscot Bay, owning one yoke of oxen which he drove himself. This was the beginning of the Bodwell granite Company, which has been scarcely second to any in the country for amount of business done. He furnished the material for the Navy, State, and War department buildings at Washington, as well as other important public edifices. Later he removed to Hallowell, and organized the Hallowell Granite Company, the light colored stone from which has been extensively used for monuments, notably those at Plymouth, Yorktown, the Soldiers' on Boston Common, and the Sphinx in Mt. Auburn. He had also a large stock-farm, importing largely Hereford and other blooded stock. Besides this, he had extensive interest in lumbering and shipping operations, and was President of the Rapid Transit Co., between Boston and New York. He had served his city as representative and Mayor, and was elected Governor in 1886 by the Republican party. He has proved a very efficient magistrate, and has been determined that the liquor laws, as well as others, should be thoroughly enforced. He had amassed large wealth, but used it with great generosity. His funeral at the State House on Tuesday was attended by a great concourse of people. Gov. Bodwell left a widow, a son and a daughter.

Among other recent deaths are those of ex-Judge Francis H. Dewey of Worcester, of a famous judicial family, his father and grandfather having been judges of the Supreme Court; of Hon. and Dr. Alonzo F. Carr, a prominent physician in Goffstown, N. H.; Mr. Daniel Varney, a well-known citizen of Salem at the age of seventy-seven; Sterling P. Rounds, of Omaha, formerly U. S. Public Printer; and Rev. Ariel P. Clute, who died in Sharon, aged seventy-nine—a native of Byfield, a classmate at Andover (1835) of Rev. Joseph Emerson, Rev. Calvin E. Park, and Rev. Jesse Page, principal of Dunsmuir Academy, pastor in Maine and in Lynnfield, and for the last twenty years clerk in the U. S. Treasury, Boston.

The remarkable case of Mrs. Robinson charged with poisoning her son Willie has been tried the past week at East Cambridge, resulting in a verdict of disagreement. The jury are said to have all believed in her guilt, but that it was not legally proved by the evidence. It will be remembered that five others were supposed to have been murdered by her in a similar way, her husband and daughter being among them.

CHIPS AND CLIPS.

A novel "jubilee" was recently celebrated in Berlin, on the occasion of a butcher's slaughter of his one hundred thousandth goose. Wonder if any of our Andover men there got a taste of that jubilee goose.

The Nebraska town of Weeping Water, despite its name—was destroyed by fire on Tuesday. It was a gentleman from that place calling at the White House to whom President Lincoln said: "You ought to call your town *Minne-boohoo*!"

The Boston Board of Aldermen asked the Board of Health on Monday to ascertain whether there are any piggeries maintained in the city. But how about groggeries—are they healthy?

7.25 by the old South clock!

ORIGINAL.

Memorial of Nathan W. Hazen.

At the Superior Court held at Salem on Tuesday, December 6, 1887, Justice Thompson presiding, Mr. William D. Northend, President of the Essex Bar Association, and a member of the Committee, presented to the Court the following Memorial.

May it please your Honor:

On the thirteenth day of March last Mr. Nathan Wood Hazen, a member of the Essex Bar, departed this life. At a meeting of the Essex Bar Association held at Salem on the fifteenth day of June last a committee was appointed to prepare a tribute to the memory of the deceased, to present to this Court with the request it be entered upon its records; and in accordance therewith the Committee appointed respectfully present the following Memorial.

Mr. Hazen was born in Bridgton, Maine, July 9th, 1800. He was a lineal descendant from Edward Hazen one of the early settlers of Rowley in this County. His father, Jacob Hazen, was a prominent citizen of Bridgton and served his country as a soldier in the Revolutionary war. His mother, Hannah (Wood) Hazen, was born, and until her marriage, lived in Bridgton in this County. At the time of her marriage, Bridgton was a frontier town with a sparse population. Mr. Hazen often referred to the fact that when he was three months old his mother carried him on horseback the entire distance from Bridgton to Boxford to visit her parents. She was a woman of superior character, and he to the last cherished the warmest affection and reverence for her memory.

He was educated at the common schools and at Bridgton Academy. He was very studious, and at school laid the foundation for the scholarly habits which characterized his after life. He came to Salem when about sixteen years of age where he remained several years, when he removed to Beaufort, South Carolina, where he taught school. Afterwards he returned to Salem and read law in the office of Mr. Leverett Saltonstall and was admitted to the Bar of this County in 1829, and immediately commenced the practice of his profession in Andover where he resided to the time of his death. He had for many years a considerable business in the County, and was distinguished for great carefulness in the preparation, and confidence and courage in the trials, of his cases. He made no pretensions at rhetorical display, but discussed questions of law with great clearness and ability. He was always ready at repartee. An anecdote is related of him that soon after his admission to the bar, he was engaged, in the trial of a case in which the counsel opposed to him was a very large man physically. Mr. Hazen was a very small man in stature. In the course of the trial his opponent in reply to a statement of Mr. Hazen exclaimed: "My little fellow, I could catch you up and stow you away in my coat pocket." Mr. Hazen immediately arose and replied: "May it please your Honor, if my brother should put me in his coat pocket, he would have more law in his pocket than he ever had in his head."

Mr. Hazen was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, 1856, and was for many years President of the Merrimack Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Although he was always deeply interested in the political questions of the day, he had but little ambition or desire for public life. He was a man of generous culture. His greatest enjoyment was in his well filled library, and his reading was extensive and thorough upon a large variety of subjects. He wrote many able articles for magazines and reviews. His letter to the Essex Bar Association upon the death of Mr. Nathaniel J. Lord, which is printed in his memorial volume, for literary excellence, careful and just analysis of character, and chaste and loving eulogy, has attracted the attention of every reader of the volume. His more recent memorial of Caleb Cushing, presented to the Supreme Judicial Court in behalf of the Essex Bar Association, was a very able and eloquent tribute to the memory of that distinguished jurist and statesman.

In private and social life Mr. Hazen was an exemplary man. He was a loving and devoted husband, and a kind and sympathizing neighbor. With a mind well stored with information, his conversation

in the company of friends, was always listened to with pleasure and instruction. His friendships were very strong and enduring. In his last years he delighted in frequent visits to his friends, especially of the Bar, in different parts of the county, and he was always welcomed. His old age was

"As a lusty winter
Frosty, but kindly."

May it please your Honor, at the request of the Essex Bar Association I ask that this brief memorial may be placed upon the records of the Court.

Remarks of Mr. Daniel Saunders.

May it please your Honor:

In rising to second the motion that the memorial just read be placed upon the files and made a part of the records of this Court I do so not to add anything to that which has been so well said in this just tribute to the memory of one of our oldest and most respected members of the Bar; but simply to say that my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Hazen enables me to assert with confidence and authority that the memorial does no more than justice to the character, ability, and virtues of the man. To a large number of our Bar Mr. Hazen was not known personally as he had retired from active practice before they came upon the stage of professional duties. He was a cotemporary with Saltonstall, Merrill, King, Choate, and the Lord Brothers—men who have made the Essex Bar the foremost in the State. These men were his friends and intimate acquaintances, beloved by them for his kind, genial, and social qualities, and respected by them for his sterling worth, learning, and ability.

Mr. Hazen was a man well trained by thorough study in his profession and he brought his cases before the courts with careful preparation and presented them with a logical clearness that enabled the court and jury to understand at once the law and facts in issue. While most of the members of this Bar have never had an opportunity to witness this display of his talents, if they will look through our law reports they will find that he has presented to the bench some of the closest questions in law that the Courts have been called upon to decide—and a careful reading of these cases will show that Mr. Hazen had not only a clearer appreciation of the great principles which are the foundation of law, but that he had also a keen insight in those fine shades of distinctions which separate analogous cases. He was a true and faithful friend, and a kind neighbor, a just and upright citizen. A man well worthy to be remembered among his great cotemporaries, and his example to be followed by those who come after him.

Remarks of Justice Thompson.

Justice Thompson said:

Brethren of the Bar:

When I came to this Bar thirty years ago Mr. Hazen was acknowledged by the Courts, the Bar, and the public, to be a wise and learned counsellor, an upright man possessed of marked ability and true dignity of character, and he was so regarded by all who knew him to the hour of his death. He entertained a high regard for his brethren of the Bar and always gave them a hearty greeting. He took a lively interest in everything relating to the profession.

Although for several years before his death he was not actively engaged in the practice of the law, and consequently the younger members of the law have not had the opportunity to witness his efforts or to judge from personal observation of his ability as a lawyer, but they have learned from those who were his cotemporaries that he was well grounded in the elementary principles of the law, a diligent student, accurate in his learning, skilful in pleading when the principles of pleading were much more complicated than now, when success depended largely upon one's ability to correctly present the issue to be determined.

He had a clear appreciation of the questions of law involved in a case, and was able to discuss them with great clearness and learning, and was a formidable opponent in a trial where important legal questions were involved.

When he used his pen to discuss public questions he always made a valuable contribution to the subject and proved himself

to be a writer of rare merit. He was eminently a conservative. He looked with apprehension upon any radical change in law, government, or society, and held in veneration the institutions and laws established by the fathers. He realized the fulfillment of the promise of length of days for the righteous, and having faithfully performed the duties of this life he fell asleep to awake to the realities of another and higher life, leaving an honored name, and none but pleasant memories.

Judge Thompson then ordered that the Memorial be placed upon the records of the Court, and that the Court be adjourned.

AULD LANG-SYNE.

More about Jonathan Cummings.

Dr. Geo. Moor writes from California another word about the Jonathan Cummings problem mentioned in this column, Nov. 18.

Jonathan, senior, whose first wife was Mary Eastman and died in 1801, married, 2d, Widow Mary Parker, and she died, as I have it, in 1820 (?). She was a Lovejoy by birth, and her first husband was James Parker. We need to account for three Jonathans. As the one I have called Jonathan, senior, was named Jonathan, junior, in 1772, the Jonathan who married Lydia Oaks in 1767 would appear to have been the elder man, at least. But the younger was the son, as I suppose, of David Cummings of Topsfield and Middleton. There was, however, about the same time in the Holt District a John Cummings, whose widow, also Mary, sold four acres of land there (1767), and to this sale Jonathan and Lydia Cummings were witnesses. And these were doubtless the man and woman who were married Nov. 6, preceding. But whence?

Is the Topsfield Cummings family referred to identical with that of David Cummings, the eminent judge, and father of the author of the Lamp-lighter? He was the son of David Cummings and Mchitable Cave, and was born in Topsfield in 1736. He entered Phillips Academy in 1755, a school-mate there of Benjamin Ames of Andover, who became also a distinguished judge in Maine, of John Lovejoy Abbot, and of Dr. Joseph Kittredge, two of whose sisters Judge Cummins successively married.

Old Salem Paper.

Speaking about Cummingses, we have just opened a bound volume of the Salem Literary and Commercial Observer for 1826, handed us by Mr. Daniel Cummings, our veteran fruit-raiser of Salem Street. One of the first items noticed is the death, at Topsfield, in March, of Mr. David Cummings, aged 65. In the issue of March 4, under the list of deaths, is the following: At Andover, Pompey Lovejoy, a black, aged 61. The oldest man in the County of Essex. He was born in Boston, a slave. His wife is still living, at the age of 98. He retained his intellectual faculties to the last.

The paper of April 8th contains this remarkable list of deaths: At Andover, (South Parish) Mr. Moses Abbot, aged 91; Mr. Timothy Abbot, 82; Mr. William Griffin, 84; Mr. David Boynton, 42; Mr. Zebadiah Shattuck, 90; Widow Hill, 80; Mrs. Damaris Wardwell, wife of Mr. Ezekiel W., aged 73.

On reference to our town books, we find in addition to these deaths, which occurred from Feb. 23 to March 29, 1826, the record of the death of two other aged persons the week after, viz: April 9th, Widow Rachael Stickney, 89; April 15th, Mary, relict of Jonathan Cummings, 80. (Does not this last date answer Dr. Moor's query above as to Mrs. Cummings' death?) Including "Pomp Lovejoy, man of color, 102," who died Feb. 22nd, the day before Capt. Moses Abbot, (and very appropriately on Washington's birthday), the age of these ten persons average a little over 83 years; omitting from the list the name of Mr. Boynton, who at the age of 42, should not be ranked among old persons, the average age of the remaining nine was 85 2-3 years.

As showing who were the financial men of Andover, sixty years ago, we copy this item from the last-mentioned date:

ANDOVER BANK. At a meeting of the Stockholders of Andover Bank, 27th inst, the following men were chosen directors, viz: Samuel Farrar, Mark Newman, Amos Abbot, Francis Kidder, Stephen Abbot, Joseph Kittredge, Hobart Clark, Amos Spaulding, and Nathaniel Stephens.

Andover Ball, Eighty Years Ago.

Mr. Editor: As Mr. W. S. Jenkins has exhibited the fire bucket of his father, I send you the accompanying card of invitation for the benefit of young America. By it you will see that our forefathers began the evening amusements early, so as to be up bright and refreshed for their chores and other work on the next morning—a good old custom, which might be initiated in these days of "progress" (so called) without detriment to health or pocket.

W. J. D.
North Parish, Dec. 14, 1887.

ANDOVER BALL.

The company of Mr. William Johnson is requested at Mr. CHICKERING'S HALL, on THURSDAY Evening, Jan. 28, 1808, at 5 o'clock.

E. DALE, Managers.
S. OSGOOD,)
D. ROBINSON.)

Our printer has reproduced the card mentioned in Dr. Dale's note above as nearly as modern type will permit, barring the antique and flowery border of the original. "Mr. Chickering's Hall," North Parish people will not need to be told, was in Chickering's tavern, which stood on the site of the Johnson High School, and which was bought and moved away by Mr. Moses T. Stevens, for a tenement house. It was kept by Zachariah Chickering, the father of our late citizen, Mr. Jacob Chickering, who was born there in 1805, and who used to relate his reminiscences of the soldiers stopping there in the war of 1812. Yes, in that matter if not in others, the old way was better than the new—to begin the entertainment at 5 o'clock in the evening rather than end it at 5 o'clock in the morning. But there will be a reaction by and by from that unnatural style; indeed it has already begun in the celebration of "Forefathers' Night" by Clubs at Boston and Lowell the present week, where in each case the "celebrating" was through nearly in time to hear the "nine o'clock bell" ring.

Of the three "Managers," Mr. Cashier Foster says that Ebenezer Dale was, afterwards a physician in Gloucester, and father of Surgeon-General Dale; Dean Robinson, who was then 20 years old, was a physician in West Newbury; Samuel Osgood was eighteen years old, but his sister, Miss Hannah P. Osgood, is still living, the oldest person in North Andover—this 23d of December being her ninety-second birthday. The recipient of the invitation was William Johnson, Jr., who lived and died owner of the homestead which is now the residence of Dr. Dale.

Cuff.

Mr. John Foster of Boston writes as to the "interesting article of local history" in the TOWNSMAN of Dec. 9, and adds:

I presume the John Foster mentioned was my great-grandfather, although his prefix of "Capt." is omitted.

Very likely, as Capt. Foster, as well as his brother, Capt. Asa, was a man of quality, and honorably prominent in the history of Andover in that day, especially in connection with the French and Indian war, and in the patriotic sentiments and measures which preceded the Revolutionary war, although he died without the sight of independence in 1773. The fifth son of Capt. John was Obadiah, whose son John, born in Andover but afterwards a resident of Nottingham West (Hudson, N. H.), was the father of Mr. Foster, our correspondent above. William Foster, another son of Capt. John married Hannah Abbot (daughter of Capt. George, and niece of Rev. Samuel Phillips), and was the father of "Master Foster," of famous memory as a teacher in Andover in the early part of this century. A sister of Master Foster married Timothy Rogers of Tewksbury, whose son, Timothy Foster Rogers, a Phillips Academy boy in 1794, we well remember in our boyhood in the western part of Massachusetts, as an aged clergyman of the old school with round-bowed spectacles and kindly mien.

And now we have a letter from the Town Clerk of Leeds, in "the District of Maine," which says:

That Andover slave is on the records of this town of Leeds as Cuff Chambers. His death, and his wife's, are recorded here as follows: Cuff Chambers died June 8, 1818; Elizabeth, his wife, died Jan. 26, 1839. There is upon the record the family of Thad Chambers and Huldah; their children were Rhoda B. [Bell?] Chambers and Phillip Chambers. I am told that the younger ones removed to the city of Bath.

Yours truly,
R. S. LORING, Town Clerk.

HOUSE AND HOME.

About those Christmas Gifts.

We have no more lists of Christmas wants to print this week; but if any parents miss their children's names among the previous lists, we hope the children, who perhaps did not know exactly how to do it, will not lose their gifts. Let their friends look over the other children's letters, and make up a list from those—children all want about the same things, you know. We just met one little girl on the street, who said she expected everything but the pony!

We are a little anxious, however, about some little boys and girls whom we have seen looking wistfully into the shop windows. Who will give them anything? Perhaps some of the Circle's, who have plenty of things now, and a lot more expected, will think of any poor children who are not likely to get any presents, and share with them. That will be following the example and command of the blessed One, for whom we name our holiday!

Now, we have another request to make of the children,—that is, that they write us short letters, and tell us what they found in their stockings or picked off the tree. We shall all want to know whether you got what you wanted—or something better. Did Frank get his ice-king skates, Fred his smashed-up locomotive, Harry his dollar, Arthur his military and musical outfit, and Bennie his live monkey? (By the way, Warren A. ought to know that he came very near getting a hen instead of a pen; the printers had his last want put down with an h instead of a p.) And did the girls all get their dolls, and big dolls, and wax dolls, and flaxen-haired dolls, and doll's cradles, and doll's chairs, and doll's carriages? Do not fail to send in your answers, all of you, the day after Christmas.

Johnny's Christmas Letter.

Little Johnny began to lay plans for Christmas even before Thanksgiving had arrived. "Mamma," said he, "I know what I am going to ask Santa Claus for already."

"What is it, Johnny?"
"A big red wagon."

"But how is Santa Claus to get the wagon into your stocking?"

Johnny meditated a moment, and then said:

"I'll write and explain it to them."

He sat down, and in a short time produced the following letter:

"DEAR SANTA CLAS.—I want you to bring me a wagon, a good big wagon, very red, for Chrissmas. If you can't get the wagon in the stocking, you can get the stocking in the wagon."

Yours truly, JOHNNY.

Baby's Christmas Gift.

What shall we give to the baby,
Our baby just one year old;
She wouldn't know about Christmas,
Not even if she were told.

You may hang up her little stockings
Where Santa will surely see,
Or put all sorts of playthings
Upon the Christmas tree,—

But what does she know about Santa
And his wonderful midnight ride,
Or the tree that bears such fruitage
Only at Christmas-tide?

She'd only look in wonder
From out her big, blue eyes,
And reach her hands for the playthings
With innocent surprise.

So kisses sweet without number,—
Kisses and love untold,—
These we will give to the baby,
Our baby, just one year old.

—Good Housekeeping.

OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

American Fisheries.

Our townsman, Mr. Joseph W. Smith, a member of the National Fishery Association and thoroughly interested in everything that relates to fishing, sends us a notice of the recent meeting of that Association in New York, with extracts from the address of Hon. F. J. Babson of Gloucester, its president. The great interest taken in this matter just now, especially in Essex County, pending the settlement of the fishery difficulties between the United States and Great Britain, leads us to omit the regular contents of these columns in order to make room for this.

In dealing with the fishery question in its operations on the ocean, it is necessary to remember that, unlike any other industry, it cannot be controlled by law in its raw material, viz., the fish. They are subject to nature's law alone. The migratory fish come and go, are scarce or plenty, just as the conditions by which nature surrounds them are favorable or unfavorable.

It has been and is now the practice of maritime nations (recognizing the uncertainty and risk in pursuing this business and the fact that from this stern and hardy school of seamen must be drawn the defenders of national honor on the ocean, that they constitute a marine militia absolutely necessary to the prestige of the Government, both to preserve peace and maintain our rights in war) by bounties and subsidies to encourage their fisheries (read Wilcox Duties and Boundaries). Thus we see Canada pays an average bounty to her fishermen of from \$150,000 to \$170,000 yearly, and remits local taxes on their vessels and gear, and the United States remits duties on fresh fish or fish preserved in ice from Canada, amounting to thirty million pounds, which at the same rate of duties imposed by the Canadian tariff on American fresh fish, viz., one-half cent per lb., would amount to \$150,000 more.

The American fisherman asks neither bounty nor subsidy, but simply equal protection with the other producing industries of the country, he is met with a proposition for a reciprocity treaty or a commercial union with Canada, which originates from British sources and is sustained by British diplomacy, British organs and British peace deputations. Now, what does this mean? Let us examine further.

The treaty of 1783, by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged, her territorial and marine rights secured, gave to the people of the United States the right to take fish of every kind on the Grand Banks, and on all the other Banks of Newfoundland, and also in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea, where inhabitants of both countries used at any time to fish; also the liberty to take fish of every kind on such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use (but not to dry or cure the same on that island); but also on the coast, bays and creeks of all other of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbors and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Islands and Labrador, so long as the same shall remain unsettled. But so soon as the same, or either of them, shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such settlement without a previous agreement for that purpose with the inhabitants or possessors of the ground.

We now come to the events following the Treaty of 1783.

The privilege of drying and curing fish on shore was at that time of some value, for at that time the United States depended upon the Mediterranean ports and South America, and some of the West India Islands, for the market for their fish. The necessity of slack-salting and drying the fish very hard, for those markets, made it an accommodation in those days to use the shore. This method has long been obsolete, the present American market demanding fish cured, as is now the practice at American ports.

As the entire fishing tonnage of the United States in 1789 was but 9,062 tons, the concession of the shore fisheries was not then a large gift.

The mackerel fishery was not then much pursued as a distinct fishery; and in 1809 we find the first official record of 8,000 barrels being taken by American vessels; and it was not until 1825 that the first American vessel went into the Gulf of St. Lawrence for mackerel. From 1789 to 1818 the American fishing vessels increased their tonnage to over 60,000 tons, and their fish were finding market in foreign ports. The Colonial policy of England still held Colonial trade and distribution, and after the war of 1812, and the fall of Napoleon—leaving England supreme upon the ocean, and a trained army of veterans at her command—in 1815 she

commenced to harass American fishing vessels, alleging that the war had abrogated all former treaties.

The Treaty of Ghent was signed Dec. 24, 1814, and it contains no reference to the fishing question. The claim of jurisdiction outside of a line drawn from headland to headland was resisted by the United States, and although never conceded, is in abeyance by act of Great Britain. The Treaty of Ghent was supposed to have settled all questions connected with the war of 1812. The United States still held the title-deeds to the Canadian and Newfoundland inshore fisheries in the Treaty of 1783, and England forced a new Treaty by aggression; the end, aim, and object, being to prevent American fishermen from taking fish inside the three-mile limit. Therefore, while the Treaty of 1783 commences with this declaration—"It is agreed that the people of the United States shall take fish in certain waters," etc., the Treaty of 1818, recognizing the binding force of the Treaty of 1783, commences with—"Whereas, differences have arisen respecting the liberty claimed by the United States, to take, dry, and cure fish, it is agreed," etc.—both treaties referring only to the liberty of taking or preventing the taking of fish. There is no mention or allusion to the abrogation of commercial intercourse, and in the exercise of Treaty rights of shelter, obtaining wood and water, or repairing damages, local laws cannot abridge or limit those rights, or make them inoperative.

The act of June 14, 1819 (59 Geo. III. ch. 38), prohibited, punished, and forfeited vessels for actual fishing inside the limits. There is no objection to that law; but there is decided objection to the Dominion Act (35 Viet. ch. 15), which seizes an American vessel that anchors for shelter in an outer bay or harbor, brings her into port, searches her, and makes the captain a criminal, and obliges him to prove himself innocent. These laws are made for the purpose of driving American vessels from their ports, and depriving them of exercising their Treaty rights.

Now, as to commercial intercourse, American fishing vessels sail under an enrollment and license for the fisheries. These papers give them no right to trade foreign. To enable them, in case their voyage should not prove successful, to partially or wholly load with a foreign cargo, or to purchase anything for the use of the vessel or crew, the government of the United States has issued another marine document entitled "A permit to touch and trade." This paper gives the master of the vessel power to entirely change the character of his vessel and his voyage, and by using his permit he becomes by the law of the United States, subject to all the penalties, and entitled to all the privileges of a registered vessel. Until the termination of the Washington Treaty, these papers were never refused recognition by the Canadian officials. A refusal to recognize these papers is an act of non-intercourse. The Washington Treaty conferred no commercial right whatever—simply the privilege to take fish inside the three-mile limit.

Now what is the summary? First, American fishermen do not desire the inshore fisheries of Canada. Under present methods they are valueless to them. The entire cod and halibut fishery is on the ocean banks. The mackerel fishery with seines is a deep water fishery, and the seining process has largely driven the large mass of mackerel many miles from shore. The herring and bait fish we buy, and have always bought it. Shylock wants more than his bond. His bond gives him the right to stop our fishing inside of three miles; nobody objects; should but one jot or tittle more bring retaliation.

Duty imposed by foreign countries on fish:

Canada: Mackerel, 1c a pound; herring, 1-2c a pound; salmon, pkd, 1c a pound; smoked or boneless, 1c a pound; fresh fish, 1-2c a pound; canned fish, 25c per cent.; sardines in oil, 5c a box.

France: Fresh fish, 4c per 100 lbs.; cod fish, dry, salted or smoked, \$4.20 per 100 lbs.; other fish, salted or smoked, 88c per 100 lbs.

Germany: Fresh fish, free; pickled in barrels, \$2.85.

Denmark: Fresh, free; dried or salted, \$1.70 per 100 lbs.

Italy: Fresh fish, free; dry or smoked, 96 1-2c per 100 lbs; preserved in salt, \$1.15 per 100 lbs.; preserved in oil, \$1.93 per 100 lbs.

Spain: Fresh fish, 20c per 100 lbs.; salted, smoked or pickled, \$2.31 per 100 lbs.; cod fish, dry or salted, \$4.53 per 100 lbs.

Sweden: Fresh, dry or salted, free.

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Herman Brinckhoff, jewelry engraver, Newark, N. J., writes: "Costiveness, induced by my sedentary habits of life, became chronic. Ayer's Pills afforded me speedy relief. Their occasional use has since kept me all right."

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Lemon Peel,	20c. lb.
N. E. Mince Meat,	10c. pkg. 3 for 25c.

Candy, Nuts, Oranges.

Champion Mixture,	15c. lb., 2 lbs. 25c.
Christmas Candy,	15c. lb., 2 lbs. 25c.
New Mixed Nuts,	10c. lb.
Fine Florida Oranges, Malaga Grapes, New Figs and Persian Dates.	

R. & R. Sugared Peaches (fancy) 30c. can.
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Jellies in Glass Jars. Crosse & Black-
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SUNDRIES.

Best Common Crackers,	5 lbs., 25c.
Best Medium Beans, 8c per qt. 60c per pk.	
Parlor Pride Polish,	10c bottle, 3 for 25c
Kirk's Am. Family Soap, 6c bar, 20 for \$1	
Beach's L. T. Soap,	3c bar, 35 for \$1
Babbitt's 1776 Powder,	10c, 3 for 25c
Pearline,	2 for 25c
Bird Sand,	4c per pkg.
Bird Seed,	8c pkg. 4 pkgs. for 25c
Hood's Sarsaparilla,	67c a bottle.
Choice Oolong and Japan Teas,	40c lb.
C. & S. Mocha and Java coffee,	75c a can.
Pickles,	25c per gallon.
Carolina Rice,	4 lbs. for 25c

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THE ANDOVER TOWNSMAN.

ANDOVER, MASS.

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THE ANDOVER PRESS (limited).

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C. C. CARPENTER, Editor.

to whom all correspondence for the paper should be addressed.

A thoroughly fitted STEAM JOB PRINTING OFFICE is connected with the TOWNSMAN, and all orders in this department will receive prompt and careful attention.

All BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to

JOHN N. COLE, Treasurer.

The Offices of the TOWNSMAN are in Draper's Block, 36 & 38 MAIN STREET.

Editor's Office, Room 2, first floor. Business Office with the Andover Book Store.

Entered as 2nd-Class Matter at Andover Post-Office.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1887.

Special Offer to New Subscribers.

To persons sending their subscriptions for the Townsman for 1888—\$2.00 in advance—WE WILL SEND THE FIVE DECEMBER NUMBERS FREE. Will not our present subscribers call the attention of their friends to this opportunity and suggest to them the desirableness of patronizing their own home newspaper? We also ask our subscribers both old and new to send us the names of any former residents or others who would be interested in seeing a specimen copy of the paper, which we will forward postpaid. We hope to make the Townsman so fresh, newsy, entertaining and helpful in all its departments that it will come to be recognized as a welcome and useful visitor in every family. The contributions as to people and places in the "Auld Lang-syne" of Andover are to be kept up, with notes from the ladies in "House and Home," and a constant variety of selected matter, interesting as well as instructive. The "Children's Column" we expect to make a pleasant one for the children—we do not intend it for anybody else—letting them tell their own stories, ask their own questions and have a good time generally in their own "circle." These departments and others will, we are sure, speak for themselves every week and although a majority of our citizens are already on our list we shall not feel quite satisfied until we send a copy of the Andover Townsman to every family which claims Andover as its home in the present or past!

It should be noticed that the above special offer is to new subscribers, whose subscriptions would naturally begin with the new year, but who can have without extra charge the December numbers from the date they send their names. A few old subscribers have signed and returned the blanks sent in the last time, but we are not sure but they intended to pledge themselves for additional copies.

CONTENTS OF INSIDE PAGES.

ORIGINAL: Memorial of Nathan W. Hazen.

AULD LANG-SYNE: More about Jonathan Cummings; old Salem paper; Andover Ball, eighty years ago; Cuff.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN: About those Christmas gifts; Johnny's Christmas letter; Baby's Christmas gift.

OF PUBLIC INTEREST: American Fisheries.

Publisher's notes of Holiday goods; Forefathers' Day; The Churches.

SELECTIONS: The Wonder Ball; What to do before Christmas.

POETRY: Whittier's Christmas Hymn; The Poet's eightieth birthday.

We are indebted to Justice Thompson of the Superior Court and Messrs. Northend and Saunders of the Essex Bar for the manuscript of their memorials of our late fellow-citizen, Nathan W. Hazen, Esq., which we are thus able to print entire in the present issue.

The Lowell Courier issued a supplement on the 17th, descriptive of the history of that paper and the Weekly Journal, associated with it, the oldest papers in Middlesex County, and managed by the present proprietors twenty years. If ever there was a man who put the proper proportions of wisdom, wit, enterprise, and common sense into the editorship of a newspaper, that man is George A. Marden.

How about the water supply? The first thing for the town to do, as we read the Act, is to elect a board of three water commissioners at a legal meeting to be called for the purpose (Section 10). What that Board is to do, i.e. whether it is to go forward and introduce a water supply, and if so, of what sort, from what source, at what expense, will of course depend on the instructions given to the Board at that meeting, or some subsequent one. The subject is an important one, and ought to be carefully weighed and discussed. We hope to find room in our next issue for two articles, which were not received in time for this.

"What to do before Christmas" is a good article on one of the inside pages. Under what *not* to do, we should say, do not go to Boston or anywhere else, shopping, until you are quite sure you cannot find suitable gifts in our own stores, without the time, expense and trouble of going out of town. Of course, you will run against a few thousand more people in Boston, and see (to your utter distraction) a few thousand more things, but we think many people would be surprised to know how large and well selected assortment of holiday gifts are kept by our home dealers. By the way, we would like very frankly to suggest one form of Christmas gift—which is not printed in the article above referred to, or in the children's lists, or even in the "publisher's notes"—viz., to subscribe for the ANDOVER TOWNSMAN for a year in the name of some friend now living elsewhere, but who would be made glad every week of the new year by reading the news from the old Andover home!

Christmas day on Sunday makes Monday, December 26 a legal holiday and as such it will probably be pretty generally observed. The stores in town are to be closed so far as we can learn and business will be suspended on nearly all sides. We regret being obliged to say, "nearly" when there should be a positive suspension.

Holidays and all respites from the active business demands are not so frequent but that every one may get much good from the proper observance and rest obtained therefrom, and no other day seems to have better right to every man's tribute than Christmas. Let all then, with that same spirit of giving that instituted the day, relinquish all business and labor, let all employers give their help a day's vacation, and let all together partake of the glad cheer of this, the merriest, happiest part of the year.

ANDOVER NEWS.

The Selectmen of Andover, and the Trustees of Phillips Academy, through Treasurer Taylor, have jointly offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the detection and conviction of the incendiaries of the Mansion House fire. There is an opportunity for honest enterprise to make money and to benefit the whole community in finding the fire-bug.

The closing entertainment of the People's Course was on Friday evening last, and consisted of a concert by the Temple Quartette, and readings by George B. Ford. The Quartette maintained its well-earned reputation, and its music was none the less acceptable because its first tenor was an Andover boy—"Billy Bateman." They were encored again and again, and by request sang with fine effect the chant, Remember now thy Creator. Mr. Ford told Biddy McGinnis's story finely, and brought down the house by his personification of the man who "interviewed" an editor about "that little piece" which he ought not to have printed. We are informed that, with the small balance left over from last year, the receipts will just about meet the expenses. The community is under renewed obligations to Rev. Mr. Makepeace and the Messrs. Cole for their services in managing so successfully this fifth annual course of popular and useful lectures, nor should grateful mention be omitted of the gentlemanly ushers, Edward S. Gould, Geo. W. Cole, Robert Watson, Robert S. Hill.

Mr. County Treasurer Jenkins informs us that the amount received from cities and towns for dog licenses in 1887 was \$22,960.30, that amount being \$2,500 more than was received in 1886. After paying from this fund what damages may be allowed for sheep, etc., the remainder reverts to the towns,

where it must be used for the public libraries or for public schools. In this way, every Andover dog may be said to contribute his book to Memorial Hall, and is so far a public benefactor, which cannot be said of all the subjects of license.

P. S. Since the above was put in type, we learn from Town Clerk Putnam that in 1886, Andover had 352 licensed dogs, on account of which \$744.60 was paid into the County Treasury, and \$661.02 returned to the town. This year, 375 dogs were licensed and \$780 paid to the County, with the probability of a similar proportion coming back for the use of Memorial Hall—nearly or quite enough to pay the Librarian's salary!

On Monday afternoon, as Smith & Manning's delivery team was in Marland Village, John Hutchinson left it for a moment to deliver goods, and returning found it had gone. Following, he found that the horses, which at first were trotting slowly, had so increased their speed that they were unable to turn and cross the bridge in Abbott Village, and had jumped over a fence into the Shawshen, sleigh, goods and all. After floundering about, they had got stranded on a rock, but were soon unfastened and rescued. The space between two iron posts was barely sufficient to admit the sleigh, and the wall over which they plunged was fourteen feet high; it is a wonder that they escaped with so little injury, as it is that none of the children coasting on the hill were hurt. A barrel of flour was fished out of the river at a lower point floating down towards Lawrence.

The Merrimack Mutual Insurance Company has just issued its annual calendar, which as usual is a neat one, and, as usual, will be handed to all policy-holders who call at the office for it.

Burglars tried to enter the B. & M. ticket office between the hours of 6 and 7 Tuesday night.

Mr. W. C. Walker has left Andover for the South and will stop for a time at Baltimore, Md.—We are sorry to lose Mr. Walker so soon after his settlement among us.

Monday evening Rev. J. J. Blair married Mr. H. F. E. Kendall and Miss Mary E. Holt at the house of Mr. S. B. Holt the bride's father. Mr. Holt seems to be fast losing his children but the good wishes that go with the newly married ones must make the loss a happy one. Mr. and Mrs. Kendall receive many pleasant wishes for a happy life.

Chief of Police Cheever arrested George Phillips the driver of Curran & Joyce's liquor team, on Thursday for the illegal transportation of liquor and took from the team 12 gallons of hard liquor and about 50 gallons of beer and ale. He was found guilty by Justice Poor and fined \$100 and costs. The case was appealed.

Mrs. Stearns who has a son in Phillips Academy will occupy a part of Miss Ballard's house on Main Street.

A Burns club has been formed in Abbott Village.

Mr. F. B. Jenkins has been confined to his house for several days with a severe cold.

Mr. Nice handed us the other day a nosegay of heliotropes from his greenhouse, and showed us a handful of new potatoes, from seed accidentally planted in the fall. New potatoes on the 20th of December!

Robert Carter, so long and favorably known for his courteous and faithful service at the Mansion House, has a responsible position in the linen-room at the Vendome, Boston.

Mr. Stephen Jackson will leave this week for St. Augustine, Florida, where he will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Draper attended last Saturday evening the silver wedding of his brother, Mr. Chas. E. Draper, at Roxbury. The brother was for a time a clerk in the Andover Bookstore, many years ago.

Rev. Dr. Chas. H. Hall, rector of the church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been reviewing his remembrance of Andover, this week. He was in the Theological Seminary for a year in the class of 1845.

Miss A. L. Pierson of Danvers has been in town for a few days.

Mr. Frederick Ray and daughter have gone to spend the winter in Brookline.

There has been a three days' Convention at Chickering's Hall, New York, of Republican Clubs from all parts of the Country. Senator Evarts was chairman and the meetings were very enthusiastic, and apparently for Blaine as the next presidential nominee.

Probate Court.

Inventory of estate filed.—Clinton C. Barker, North Andover; \$17,237.

The Schools.

Prof. Taylor preached at Methuen last Sabbath, and will preach at High St. church, Lowell, next Sabbath. He and Mrs. Taylor are to spend a part of the winter in New York city, leaving after the New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Gile are spending a few days at Newport.

Mrs. Charles P. Clark of New Haven has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Professor Hiney.

Professor Harris and family leave town in a few days for an absence of several weeks in the South, going first to St. Augustine, Fla., via Washington.

Hon. J. N. Marshall of Lowell was in town last week on business connected with the Seminary.

The Philo Mirror, the publication of which dates back to 1854, was issued as usual just before the close of the term. It is printed by the Andover Press, and makes a very neat book, and in addition to the literary articles, contains full registers of all the societies, associations, fire companies, clubs, choirs, foot-ball teams, and class-officers in the Academy, valuable historical memoranda, a photograph group of five good-looking students, with the usual brilliant witticisms thrown in. This publication is of course indispensable to every Phillips boy, and would be of interest to others. It is for sale at the Andover Bookstore.

At the same place may be seen (and bought) the semi-annual issue of the *Abbot Courant*, which, it seems to us, is better and better every year. This number has a poem by Miss Trevitt of '86, and articles by Misses Hamlin and Atwell of '87, and by Miss Hendricks of '89, besides a Japan letter from Mrs. Stanford (Jennie Pearson), and a touching memorial of Mrs. Vail (Carrie Hamlin). The Editor's Drawer overflows with pleasant memoranda of the Academy year, including thus many notices of Andover people and matters.

One of the poetical tributes to Mr. Whittier published in the *Advertiser* was by Mr. Herbert D. Ward of the Theological Seminary, son of Dr. Wm. Hayes Ward of the *Independent*. A similar one in the *Boston Journal* was written by Mr. Allen E. Cross, a last year's student here. Two Seminary students were among the callers at Oak Knoll on Mr. Whittier's birthday, and brought back the poet's cordial greetings to Andover Hill.

The girls have gone, the boys have gone, the theologues have gone, and Andover is quiet. The college boys have come home to spend the holidays—from Yale, Cecil K. Bancroft, William P. Graves, George F. Smith; from Amherst, John E. Holt, N. A. Cutler, Arthur T. Boutwell, William B. Carpenter; from Trinity, Prosser H. Frye.

Miss McKen of Abbot Academy will spend the Christmas vacation at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

This week's *Congregationalist* has a poem, Preparing for Christmas, by Ernest W. Shurtleff of the Theological Seminary.

Years of experience enable our railroad officials to accomplish their work more satisfactorily each year at the busy time. Mr. Marland and Mr. Dane checked the Abbot Academy baggage on Saturday night in order to have no delay at the Monday exodus.

Frye Village.

While a horse and sleigh belonging to Mr. Ellis of North Andover, on Monday morning was turning to go to the Stocks the bolts of the shafts broke, the horse shied and bolted, and ran round by Joseph W. Smith's carriage way, then made for Charles Hussey's barn where it was caught, no further damage being done.

The services in the Hall were conducted Sunday evening by Mr. Buck, a Seminary student.

The young people are having good enjoyment with their sleds just now.

The following letter came after the Children's Circle was full but a girl who is willing to exchange a piano for rubber boots and a muff ought to have her request published in time to be supplied. Cora should read the *Wonder Ball* story on the sixth page, and knit away as Betsy did, perhaps she will find her piano in the middle of her ball!

To the Editor: I would like most a piano, but this I cannot get, so to take its place I would like a pair of rubber boots and a muff. My teacher is Miss Berry.

CORA T.

Physicians prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla in cases of scrofula, and in every form of chronic disease because this medicine is safer to take, and is more highly concentrated, than any other preparation. It can always be depended upon as an effective blood purifier.

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C. H. Marland, Agent.

BALLARDVALE TO BOSTON, A.M. 6:55; 7:01; 11:15. P.M. 12:34; 2:14; 3:23; 4:30; 5:40; 9:44. Sunday: A.M. 8:38. P.M. 12:25; 5:38.

BALLARDVALE TO LOWELL, 7:51; 9:57; 10:40; 11:15. P.M. 12:34; 1:45; 2:43; 3:23; 4:30; 5:55; 7:17; 9:44. Sunday: A.M. 8:38. P.M. 12:25; 5:38.

BALLARDVALE TO LAWRENCE, A.M. 6:57; 7:28; 8:18; 8:55; 10:19; 11:25. P.M. 12:48; 1:18; 3:47; 4:50; 5:40; 6:45; 7:26; 7:48. Sunday: A.M. 9:01. P.M. 6:08; 8:00.

BOSTON TO BALLARDVALE—A.M. 6:00; 7:30; 9:30; 10:25. P.M. 12:02; 2:30; 4:02; 5:00; 5:00; 6:35; 7:00; 11:00. Sunday: A.M. 8:00. P.M. 5:00; 7:00.

LOWELL TO BALLARDVALE, A.M. 7:10; 7:35; 8:35; 11:00. P.M. 1:00; 3:00; 4:00; 5:10; 6:15; 9:55; 11:10. Sunday: A.M. 8:20. P.M. 5:40; 7:30.

LAWRENCE TO BALLARDVALE, A.M. 6:40; 7:30; 9:40; 10:20; 11:00. P.M. 12:17; 1:10; 2:00; 2:50; 3:00; 4:15; 5:40; 7:05 from So. Law.; 9:30. Sunday: A.M. 8:15. P.M. 12:10; 5:35.

BALLARDVALE POST-OFFICE.

C. H. Marland, P.M.

MAILS CLOSE: For Boston, South, and West: A.M. 11:00; P.M. 5:30; For East and North: A.M. 8:30; P.M. 4:00.

MAILS ARRIVE: From Boston, South and West: A.M. 8:30; P.M. 4:40; From East and North: P.M. 12:40; 5:30; 7:20.

OFFICE HOURS: A.M. 6:45 to P.M. 8:00. Sundays: A.M. 8:00 to 9:00; P.M. 5:30 to 6:15.

Union Congregational Church.

Organized 1854. Rev. Samuel Bowker, pastor. Morning service, 10:30; evening 6; Friday evening, 7:30; SUNDAY SCHOOL, Chas. H. Marland, Supt., 11:45.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, Sunday evening, 5:15. Sexton, O. Ashton.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Organized 1850. Rev. N. H. Martin, pastor. Afternoon service, 2; evening, 7; Tuesday evening, 7:30; Friday evening, class meeting, 7:30; SUNDAY SCHOOL, John Howell, Supt., 12:45.

St. Joseph's Church.

Founded 1865. Rev. J. J. Ryan, pastor. Morning service, 9; SUNDAY SCHOOL, 10; Sexton, John Riley.

Mr. Winslow Goodwin is the authorized agent of the TOWNSMAN in Ballardvale.

Dr. Shattuck is trying to have a telephone office established here. The need of electrical communication with neighboring towns and cities is apparent to all, and it is hoped his efforts will be successful.

It is understood that a continuation of High St. through to River St. will be laid out by the Road Commissioners, shortly, in response to a petition. It will be a convenience to the people of the village and open up several building lots in one of the most pleasant and healthy parts of the place.

Mrs. Lucy H. Hollingworth, widow of the late James M. Hollingworth for a long time an overseer in Ballardvale Mills, died of old age Wednesday morning, aged over four score years. Mrs. Hollingworth was a lady of splendid qualities and beloved by all who knew her. A sincere and consistent Christian woman and a member of the Methodist church. One daughter survives her. Funeral services from her late residence, Saturday, at 2 P. M.

The Methodist festival turned a good sum into the church treasury. Songs by the Punctuated Quartette—Messrs. Lowe, Holt, Moody and Coulie—and readings by Miss Annie Bailey of West Andover, were the principal attractions Wednesday evening. Tableaux, readings and the presentation of a farce made up the programme of Thursday night.

Mrs. Lewis Willard and Mrs. Albert Willard were thrown from a sleigh last Sunday in Lawrence. Luckily, both escaped with slight bruises and a severe shaking up.

The Mears house at Lowell Junction lately damaged by fire, with 2 1/2 acres of land will be sold at auction by Geo. S. Cole tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Wm. Allen is building a house on the plains near Lawrence Bird's.

Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Martin's text was from 1 Thess. 5:24. Mr. Bowker preached from Ephesians 6:4.

By invitation of the auxiliary of Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. church, Miss Clara Cushman for many years missionary in China, will lecture on the Chinese, their manners and customs, in Bradlee Hall next Thursday evening, Dec. 29th. A number of persons in costume will illustrate the lecture.

The next entertainment in the Bradlee course will be given Tuesday evening Dec. 27, instead of Wednesday the 28th as printed on the tickets—by Prof. R. H. Mohr, the president, ventriloquist and lightning charcoal artist.

Christmas concerts by the Sunday schools will be given at the Methodist and Congregational churches next Sunday evening.

The Christmas tree of the Congregational Sunday school will be in Bradlee Hall next Monday evening.

NORTH ANDOVER.

NORTH-ANDOVER STATION, B. & M. R. R.

Geo. S. Spence, Agent.

TRAINS LEAVE FOR BOSTON: A. M. 7.30, 8.21, 9.33, 10.47, P. M. 12.14, 3.06, 4.02, 5.27, 6.56, 9.21. SUNDAY: A. M. 8.13, 11.57. P. M. 4.19, 5.36, 7.37.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR NORTH ANDOVER: A. M. 6.00, 7.30, 9.30, 12.02 P. M. 2.15, 3.20, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 11.00, P. M. SUNDAY: A. M. 8.00. P. M. 6.00, 7.00.

NO. A. TO LOWELL: A. M. 7.30, 8.21, 9.33, 10.47, P. M. 12.14, 3.06, 4.02, 5.27, 6.56, 9.21. SUNDAY: A. M. 8.13, 11.57. P. M. 4.19, 5.36, 7.37.

LOWELL TO NO. A.: A. M. 7.10, 7.33, P. M. 12.15, 3.00, 3.40, 5.10, 6.15, 11.10. SUNDAY: A. M. 8.20, P. M. 7.30.

NO. A. TO NO. LAWRENCE: A. M. 7.30, 7.55, 8.21, 9.27, 9.33, 10.57, 11.57, P. M. 12.14, 12.30, 3.06, 4.02, 5.27, 6.56, 9.21. SUNDAY: A. M. 8.13, 11.57. P. M. 4.19, 5.36, 7.37.

NO. A. TO NO. LAWRENCE: A. M. 7.55, 9.22, 11.57, P. M. 12.30, 4.02, 5.27, 6.56, 9.21. SUNDAY: A. M. 11.57, P. M. 5.36.

NO. LAWRENCE TO NO. A.: A. M. 7.41, 7.50, 8.25, P. M. 1.00, 3.45, 5.50, 11.55. SUNDAY: A. M. P. M. 8.17.

NO. A. TO SALEM: A. M. 7.48, 8.33, P. M. 1.07, 5.58. SALEM TO NO. A.: A. M. 7.00, 11.32. P. M. 4.43, 6.09.

GOING EAST: A. M. 8.37, P. M. 1.05, 4.18, 5.58, SUNDAY: 7.00 P. M.

NO. A. TO HAVERHILL: A. M. 12.02, 7.15, 7.58, 8.37, 10.37, P. M. 1.05, 3.12, 3.55, 4.18, 5.58, 7.00, 8.05, SUNDAY: A. M. 9.18, P. M. 7.00, 8.25.

HAVERHILL TO NO. A.: A. M. 7.17, 8.10, 9.10, 9.22, 10.45, 11.45, P. M. 12.02, 2.54, 3.50, 5.15, 6.45, 9.10, SUNDAY: A. M. 8.00, 11.45, P. M. 4.08, 5.25, 7.35.

POST-OFFICE, NORTH ANDOVER.

Isaac F. Osgood, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE: 9.00, 10.15, 5.00.

MAILS OPEN: 9.15, 10.15, 5.20.

OFFICE HOURS: 8.00 A. M. to 7.30 P. M.

POST-OFFICE, NO. ANDOVER DEPOT.

Charles E. Pilling, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE: FOR BOSTON, SOUTH AND WEST, 9.25, 12.00, 3.45, 6.45. FOR EAST, 8.20, 12.45, 4.20.

MAILS OPEN: FROM BOSTON, SOUTH AND WEST, 8.45, 1.00, 4.30. FROM EAST, 9.45, 12.30, 4.00.

OFFICE HOURS: 7.30 A. M. to 8.00 P. M.

Twenty-seven new books were received at the Library Saturday.

The work of the Citizens' League is none the less effectual for being conducted quietly.

The clocks on the towers of the Congregational and Unitarian churches, and also on that of the High School were stopped by the driving snow storm of Sunday.

Mr. Samuel A. O'Brien has removed from Water St. to Mr. Chas. Woodcock's house on Main St. recently vacated by Mr. John Somerville, jr. who is living in one of Davis and Furber's houses on Water St.

Mrs. Kate Conlon withdrew her appeal to the Superior Court Monday morning, and accepted the sentence of six months in the House of Correction.

Theresa, an infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Keefe, died Friday noon after an illness of about three weeks, of gastric fever.

Miss Irene C. Prince is visiting friends in Taunton.

The building near the Post Office, formerly used as a saloon has been secured as a place of meeting by the Drum Corps. A number were admitted to the Corps, Monday evening, as honorary members.

The School Committee have concluded to allow the Temperance Society the use of a room in the school-house for an indefinite period as their present accommodations are insufficient.

The hearing which was appointed for Dec. 21 in regard to the recent raids by the police on the premises of Mrs. Dewane and Mr. Cooper was postponed until Saturday, 21, as Judge Stone was unable to attend to them, being unexpectedly called away. It is understood that Col. John P. Sweeney will appear for the defendants.

Miss Letitia Rea invited her friends to an exhibition of paintings at the house of Mr. Aaron G. Rea, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week. The most noticeable among her collection was the portrait of Mr. John F. Kimball, which stood upon an easel opposite the door, so that your gaze would rest upon it immediately on entering the room. This portrait was true to life, and its execution showed talent. Hanging upon the wall and facing this portrait, were those of Alice and Fred Barstow. The other paintings were studies in flowers and landscapes.

Master Frank Abbott who has been in the employ of Mr. J. G. Brown for some time, is now acting as clerk in Emerson's drug store, Lawrence. Master Fred Buzzell succeeds him in Mr. Brown's store.

About 30 "transients" were accommodated at our Rural Hotel during the month of November.

There will be a Christmas concert in the vestry of the Cong. church, Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. The annual Christmas entertainment will occur Monday evening at 7 o'clock.

The ladies of the Methodist church have been industriously preparing for the Christmas festival to be given to the children in their vestry Saturday evening, Dec. 24th. A Christmas concert under the direction of Mr. A. W. Brainerd, will also be given by the children of the M. E. Sunday school, Sunday evening at 6 o'clock.

Mr. John F. Roache who has been teaching in Hanover, Conn., arrived home Tuesday.

Miss Lillie Gile came home Thursday from Mt. Holyoke Seminary, to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Albert W. Crockett, student at Amherst College, is at home.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Poor have the sympathy of the community in the loss of their infant son, who died very suddenly in convulsions, Wednesday. They had just returned from a short trip to Springfield when they were met by the sad news of the death of their little one.

Mr. M. T. Wadlin of Lawrence who sustained a severe injury to his left knee-pan a short time since by falling upon a railroad in that city, was formerly a well known resident of this town; although he rode out Tuesday, he is still unable to walk without the aid of crutches.

Misses Laura and Hannah Bailey will spend part of Christmas week with relatives in Merrimac.

Mrs. Worthing, a former resident of Union Heights, has been visiting Mrs. E. W. Horne.

Mrs. Helen Parker is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Prince.

Chief of Police Harris received from the Police Commissioners on Thursday a warrant authorizing the return of Michael Conlon to the State Reformatory at Concord. The warrant was executed on Thursday evening by Officers Harris and Wilton.

The chorus choir at the Congregational Church under the direction of Mr. Frank D. Foster, organist, will give the following programme, Christmas morning:

Pastorale (organ), Deshayes.
"Sing, O sing, this blessed morn," Leslie.
Responses, Goss.
"Behold, I bring you good tidings," Clare.
Nazareth, Gounod.
"It came upon a midnight clear," Gilchrist.
Christmas Offertorio, Lemmens.

Mr. Wm. E. Quealy has successfully passed the Civil Service examination and has accepted a clerkship in the Boston Post Office. He entered upon his duties there Thursday.

The fourth annual supper of the Y. P. L. and S. Society will be held in the vestry of the Congregational Church Friday evening, Dec. 30. The Executive Committee are to have charge of arrangements.

At St. Michael's Church Sunday there will be an early Mass at 8 o'clock, Mass at 10 o'clock, and Vespers at 7.1-2 o'clock.

Rev. Frederick Thompson preached at St. Paul's Church on the 18th. Next Sunday Rev. S. H. Hilliard of Boston will preach. The Sunday school will have its Christmas Tree on Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 7.1-2 o'clock.

"WHAT SHALL I BUY?"

BUY A

Webster Unabridged Dictionary for \$9.50.

A Worcester for \$8.00, Christmas

Poems for 40c. Whittier, Long-

fellow & other poets 75c. to \$2.

Engraved Plate and Cards. Stat-

ionery all grades, prices and Styles.

The Andover Book Store,

JOHN N. COLE,

Successor to W. F. Draper.

15 Wyandotte Pullets

FOR SALE!

Will be sold cheap if taken immediately. Apply to

Station Agent, Ballard Vale.

The Andover Branch at North Andover Centre has now a complete stock of Choice Groceries, including a full line of

Imported Goods.

NEW RAISINS,

Valencia, 2, 3 and 4, Crown Muscatels, Table Raisins, London

Layers and Sultanas, New Citron, Currants and New Nuts, all at

reasonable prices, also a good line of

Dry Goods, Hosiery, Yarn, Small Wares, A. C. A. Ticking, Denims

and Cotton Flannels.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF NAILS, SPORTSMAN'S GOODS AND BLASTING POWDER.

T. A. HOLT & Co.

Holiday Goods
NOW READY.

LADIES' AND GENTS'

Gold and Silver Watches,

Leather Goods, Pocket Books,

Purses, Card Cases, Bags,

Thermometers, Glass Tin and Fancy Styles.

Come and Examine the

BOYS' WATCH.

J. E. WHITING,

Main Street, Andover, Mass.

For Sale in South Andover

The residence of the late Rev. Charles Smith on School Street. A large house, stable and shed, all in good repair and with modern conveniences. A little over two acres of land with fruit and shade trees and small fruits in abundance, about 350 feet fronting the street, 50 per cent can remain on mortgage if desired. With the house, carpets, shades and part of the furniture can be had if wished.

For particulars please call at residence or address.

EDWIN B. SMITH,

Lock Box 36, Andover, Mass.

BARBER & SANBORN,

CONSULTING OPTICIANS,



And Dealers in OPTICAL GOODS.

299 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE.

(Ray State Bank Building, room 4.) All defects of vision corrected. Open day and evening.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ANDOVER.

Good Head Lettuce can be had at a reasonable price at Green House, Central Street.

HENRY NICE.

MERIMACK MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company.

The annual meeting of the members of the Merimack Mutual Fire Insurance Company, for the choice of Directors, amendment of By-Laws, and for the transaction of any other business that may come before them, will be held at the office of the Company, in Andover, on Monday the 9th day of January, next, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Dec. 16th, 1887.

J. A. Smart, Sec'y.

Notice

Is hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the will of Charles Smith, late of Andover, in County of Essex, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

Caroline L. Smith, Executors,

Edwin B. Smith, Andover, Nov. 30th, 1887.

Parties will confer a favor by sending in their accounts as soon as possible.

Andover National Bank.

The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Andover National Bank will be held at their Banking Room on Tuesday the 10th day of January 1888, at 3 o'clock, P. M. for the choice of directors and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

MOSES FOSTER, Cashier.

Andover, Dec. 6, 1887.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Husband, Heirs-at-law, Next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of Mary L. Ray, late of Andover, in said county, (wife of Frederick Ray) deceased.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Georgia W. Ray, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond, for the reasons alleged in said petition. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lawrence, in said county of Essex, on the second Monday of January, next, at nine o'clock, before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said Georgia W. Ray is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper, called the ANDOVER TOWNSMAN, printed at Andover, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE F. CHOATE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

J. T. MAHONEY, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Next of Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of Ann E. Higgins, late of Andover, in said County, widow, deceased, intestate.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Mary W. Dickinson, of Worcester and Hannah E. Whittier, of Andover, both in said Commonwealth, and to exempt them from giving a surety or sureties on their bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Salem, in said county of Essex, on the first Monday of January next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the ANDOVER TOWNSMAN, printed at Andover, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE F. CHOATE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

J. T. MAHONEY, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-law, Next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of Ruth C. Ware, late of Andover, in said county, widow, deceased.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Henry B. Wilbur who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond, for the reasons alleged in said petition. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lawrence, in said county of Essex, on the second Monday of January, next, at nine o'clock, before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said Henry B. Wilbur is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper, called the ANDOVER TOWNSMAN, printed at Andover, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE F. CHOATE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

J. T. MAHONEY, Register.

NEW GOODS.

JOHN H. DEAN,
Merchant Tailor,

Still lives, and can be found at his old stand,

31 Main Street, Andover.

Just received, a large variety of Fall and Winter Goods, Hats, Caps, and Ready-made Clothing.

Overcoats, \$ 5.00 to \$20.00

Suits, 7.00 to 25.00

Pants, .75 to 6.00

Rubber Clothing, Umbrellas, Canes; White, Fancy and Woolen Shirts; Underwear, Overalls, Jumpers and Cardigan Jackets.

Large assortment of Gloves, Mittens, Hosiery, Linen and Paper Collars and Cuffs, Neckties, Handkerchiefs, and everything needed to make up a complete line of Gents Furnishing Goods.

Large line of Cloths, which will be made up in the latest fashion, and warranted to fit. Shirt patterns cut.

Cutting, Repairing, Cleaning, and Pressing at short notice.

All goods will be sold at small advance on cost.

Agent for TREE'S Dye-house.

L. J. BACIGALUPO,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

French and American Confectionery,

Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

Nuts of all kinds.

LONDON WAFERS.

New Stock of

Fruits, Preserves, and Jams, Honey, Tamarinds,

Olives, Sardines, Deviled Ham, and Pickles.

Fancy Goods and Toys.

Fresh-roasted Peanuts every day.

MAIN ST. ANDOVER.

MISS O. W. NEAL.

Swift's Building,

MAIN STREET. ANDOVER, MASS.

Millinery and Fancy Goods.

New Styles of Fall and Winter Hats, Bonnets, Trimmings, etc. etc.

Orders promptly attended to, including Stamping and Pinking.

Agency for Barrett's Dye-house, and for Domestic Paper Fashions.



BANJOS, GUITARS,

VIOLINS, STRINGS,

TOYS, DOLLS, ETC.

All kinds of Holiday Goods at

DYER'S,

337 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE

BOSTON EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

—THE HELP QUESTION SETTLED—

Families wanting servants in any department of domestic service will find a good selection at this office. References permitted to Mrs. Wm. Marland, and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Andover.

T. J. CUMMINGS,

No. 1 CAMBRIDGE STREET, BOSTON.

Notice!

The Annual Meeting of the Members of the Andover Savings Bank will be held at the Bank on Monday the second of January 1888, at 2 o'clock, P. M. for the choice of officers, and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them.

JOHN F. KIMBALL, CLERK.

Andover, Dec. 22, 1887.

SELECTIONS.

The Wonder Ball.

It was a ball of rosy yarn, of the size of Bridget Dempsey's head, and it dropped from the sky—or so she believed—a part of the cargo of the mysterious clouds that sail up there. Wonders, with Bidsy, had never ceased; and now, here was a mystery, baffling and promising, indeed. It was not at all surprising, though, that it should have dropped from the clouds—those marvellous shapes of the air which she had loved, and, in a way, adored, from her babyhood. That slight upward cast of the eyes with Bidsy did not come altogether from her diminutive stature, and your superior height, but was quite as much the result of a habit of looking at the sky.

"If the hives was to open," Mrs. Dempsey declared, "Bidsy'd be the furrst to see what was goin' on inside." And now, apparently, they had opened; but in the night while Bidsy was sleeping the sleep of healthy childhood. Softly the Wonder Ball had fallen through the air, and in the early morning she had found it on her bed. On a slip of paper attached to it were these words:

"Bidsy:

"Go to the long case in thy treasure-box, and take out the needles which thy mother has wisely taught thee to use. Then, when thou hast swept thy room, and made thy bed, and visited the little white pigs in the outer sty, come back, and sit in the sun, with thy Ball and thy needles, which thou shalt ply diligently, and thou shalt see—wonders, Bidsy, wonders!"

"THY GOOD ANGEL."

Bidsy, always, very happy to do anything new, anything unexpected, anything never dreamed of before, followed these directions with the utmost confidence. She went to her treasure-box, which was full of all sorts of cherished objects—from a lock of the hair of the little black pig that died, to the bit of quartz which she was sure was a diamond—and took out the shining needles. Many a pair of socks had Bidsy knit, with great dexterity, turning the heel as well as ever Granny Dempsey, who showed her how, could do. Many an exploring expedition had these needles been upon, too, for Bidsy's mind was of the inquiring sort, which seeks to probe to the heart of things, and, knitting-needles in hand, she had gone about, tenderly spreading out ants' nests, or touching up curious forms of life into activity, that she might discover the number of legs they had, or whether it was their habit to crawl or fly.

"Whatever Bidsy'll come to, the Holy Virgin knows," Mrs. Dempsey would say, watching these operations from afar, "but it won't be takin' in clothes to wash, nor yet doin' a day's job at cleanin'." If books has got to be read, or more saints painted to look down on ye from the walls av the Cathaydril, or yet singin' to be done in the choir, Bidsy, I'm thinkin', 'll be afther thyrin' her hand at thim things. But it won't be washin', nor yet Kapin' pigs—much as she loves the craythers—that Bidsy 'll get her pittaties by."

But to go back to the needles, which we left in the treasure-box, with Bidsy hanging over them. After all, it was but a ball of pink yarn, instead of gray, that she was to knit, sitting in the sun; but the Angel had said that she should find "Wonders," and Wonders, as we have already remarked, were the objects which she had all her life most eagerly sought. She had brushed up the floor, and tidied her bed, and watered the geranium on the sill. Bounce, the white cat, lay curled in the sun, which streamed through the windows in warm wide-spreading rays. Nothing was to do but for Bidsy to sit down, needles and Wonder Ball in hand, on the little low stool without any back, from sitting on which Bidsy had grown as straight as a reed.

There were no clouds in the far-reaching blue overhead, and only a gentle noise of hens, and young pigs down below. Mrs. Dempsey had gone out for a day's washing, and the children were at school. It was one of Bidsy's most favored hours, an hour which, but for the Wonder Ball, would have been spent out of doors, marvelling at the shapes and colors of things, and why hens walked and robins flew. And so, quite happy from the sole of her calf-skin shoe to the crop of short black hair on her head, Bidsy broke into a Latin

chant which she had learned at the Cathedral. "Domines" and "meus" poured into each other, and ran riot in the most singular fashion; but however Bounce kept on sleeping, or the pigs grunting, or the hens cackling over a paltry egg with such sounds as those going on, I cannot conceive. That Bidsy's voice would some day lift the roof from the house, or bring the weak chimneys about their ears, was what Mrs. Dempsey hourly expected, and gave warning of; and so, it was only in the joy and freedom of solitude that the little girl dared to sing at the top of her powers.

Knit, knit. Purl one, and knit two. "Domine mea," she sang. The pink yarn flew through her fingers, and the needles clicked and flashed in the sun. "Domine mea"—when out on the floor, from the last strand that held it, rolled a little white parcel neatly tied. "Ah!" cried Bidsy, joyfully, "this is the Wonder av it!" and untied the string with trembling fingers. Inside was a key, by which hung a card with these words:

Bidsy: Keep on knitting, and sing as thou goest, for another wonder awaits thee. Thou shalt discover a box, which the key will fit, and then wonders, Bidsy, wonders!

"THY GOOD ANGEL."

And now Bidsy broke into a Gloria. Bounce turned over, washed his paws dreamily and settled down for another nap. Knit, knit. "Jubilate Deo," sang Bidsy. There was the key, a little gold key, on the sill beside her; more wonderful, if anything, than the box it was to open, for Bidsy had all her life until now been compelled to stand outside of the mysterious things that God and Nature had locked up, or else guess at them, wildly enough, as it proved, sometimes. But here was a key, her very own, sent with a note from her Good Angel, and which was to reveal the contents of a little box.

Knit, knit. The stocking had grown to the length of her finger, when again this time startling Bounce from his slumber by its sharp rap on the floor, fell a little gilt box set round with crystals. Bidsy turned the key with a fluttering heart, and the lid sprang back. There, in orderly piles, was an array of golden dollars, the sight of which made her think, for a moment, that she was a queen, with a crown and wings; for a crown and wings she believed, must necessarily go together. "One, two," she counted them slowly; "ten, twenty, fifty, seventy-five"—one hundred golden dollars all her own? "O, the Wonder av it!" she sighed, with tears of joy in her eyes. And when she had counted them all, there at the bottom, lay a slip of paper with these words:

Bidsy: One hundred golden dollars are given thee. Not for frocks; not for treasures to put in thy treasure-box; not to take long journeys to the clouds, such as thou hast ever desired, but—knit on, and thou shalt learn why thou hast received this gift.

"THY GOOD ANGEL."

Bidsy gathered up her needles and the Wonder Ball, with something like dread. If Wonders were to go on this way, growing more and more amazing with each turn of the Ball, how was she, a poor little Irish girl belonging to Mrs. Dempsey, who scrubbed and took in washing, to bear it? Had she been any other than Bridget Dempsey she would have experienced none of this dread; but, being the child she was, real wonders—she had so long marvelled at simple things that were not wonders at all—filled her with a kind of awe. The needles moved more slowly, and her voice sank to a low murmur of expectation rather than joy. Round and Round went the Ball, as the yarn slipped from it.

"What next?" she thought and held her breath. But this time the Wonder was not so startling. It was only a simple picture such as one often sees in Catholic homes, of a choir of surprised children, singing. Underneath, were these words:

Bidsy: Thou hast a voice. Some day thou shalt sing before the throne of God. Learn to sing well. Take thy golden dollars, and go to the choir-master of the Cathedral. Knit no more until thou hast seen him.

"THY GOOD ANGEL."

Less than half the yarn was knitted up, but Bidsy, wondering, put the Ball away. Not until Mrs. Dempsey came home, and supper was over, could she go to the choir-master. So she busied herself with putting a new frill in her frock, and making

other needful preparations to appear before the great man. All of a sudden it came to her what a great man he really had seemed to her all her life; with what a sickening feeling of sorrow and loss she had sometime watched the procession of choristers, bearing the tall gold cross before them, as they disappeared through the doors of the Cathedral, and listened to their voices dying in the far air. How often she had crouched down in the aisles, so that their gowns might brush her feet, and cried as if her heart would break—at what, she did not know.

It had never occurred to her that she, too, would like to sing like that with the "Domines" and the "meus" in the right place, and the crowds of people listening with rapture. She only knew that she had felt as sad as if her brother Pat had died, or her mother had marshalled them all back to Ireland, as she sometimes talked of doing. A sense of loss and sorrow; I say, had come to Bidsy many times; but she had a happy nature, and, without knowing its meaning the sorrow did not last. And now she held the key of the box that held the dollars that she was to take to the choir-master. She believed, vaguely, that the greatest Wonder of all was yet to come.

Mrs. Dempsey had an unusual number of back stairs and shelves to scrub that day, but at last evening did arrive, and Bidsy was free to go to the choir-master. She flew along the streets, her great eyes staring blankly at the people whom she passed, the gilt and crystal box clasped tightly in her hand. Few noticed her, a little scudding girl, whose eager face was half concealed by a flapping hat. On she flew. The sun was setting on the spires of the Cathedral, when she reached it. The figures of saints high on the minarets glimmered faintly in the twilight, touched here and there as if by a rose tossed to them by the departing sun. Bidsy stood still. A sound of voices singing, sweet, "O, sweet," Bidsy thought, "as the voices of angels in Paradise," stole from a distant quarter of the place. She crept towards it full of a kind of fear and joy. She slipped timidly into the loft where the Master was training the singers, a tall, kind man, with white hair falling on his shoulders. Bidsy touched his sleeve with a trembling hand, and the Master turned. "My Good Angel siat me," she said, without daring to raise her eyes. "Your 'Good Angel,' my child?" "Yes, Master," and Bidsy proudly turned the key in her box. There were the golden dollars and there was the letter. "Read it, Master," said Bidsy.

"One hundred golden dollars are given thee. Not for frocks. Not for treasures to put in thy treasure-box. Not to take long journeys to the clouds, such as thou hast dreamed of doing, but, knit on, and thou shalt learn why thou hast received this gift."

"THY GOOD ANGEL."

"Ah! said the Master, and turned Bidsy's face upward with his long white hand. "Ah!" he gazed into her eyes. "And did you see this 'Good Angel' who sent you to me?"

"No, Master. It was a Wonder Ball fell from the clouds. Furrst there was the key, and thim the box; and thim"—she drew from her pocket the picture of the children singing—"thim this."

The Master read: "Thou hast a voice. Some day thou shalt sing before the throne of God. Learn to sing well. Take thy golden dollars, and go the choir-master of the Cathedral. Knit no more until thou hast seen him."

"THY GOOD ANGEL."

"So you have a voice; and an angel has sent you to me. Well!"—he raised his hand with a gesture of dismissal, and the choristers, bearing the tall gold cross before them, went out, chanting; and then there was a silence, Bidsy was alone with the Master. He lifted her gently to a place beside the organ. "And now," he said, "let us hear if the angel has sent me the right little girl." "O, yes," cried Bidsy eagerly. "I am that same!" "Sing!" said the Master. And Bidsy sang the funniest jumble of "Domines" and "meus" but the Master's head had fallen in his hands.

Sing! Sing, Bidsy! Sing till the dusky corners of those vanishing spaces are filled with the sound of thy voice! Sing! till the tapers there by the organ dwindle and fade to tiny red sparks! Sing, till thy small body pants and wavers! Sing, till the Master speaks. He did not speak at

all, however, when she had ceased. Then he took her by the hand and followed her to her home, making her walk before him all the way. And Bidsy, tired with singing as she had never sung before, fell into a heavy sleep from which she was only awakened by Mrs. Dempsey calling to her to be up and feeding the chickens. "If ever she had a moind to be out of her bid that day." Thus, a new life began for Bidsy. The rest of the Wonder Ball was soon knitted up into a pair of gay stockings, which somehow looked odd on the stout limbs of Mrs. Dempsey, upon whom Bidsy conferred them. After the golden dollars, and the picture of the singing children, which had settled her fate, came ribbons, and a pretty pearl crucifix; all of which she would have once thought Wonders, indeed, but which by the side of the gilt and crystal box, and all that came out of it, seemed common-places. For now Bidsy went to the Cathedral daily, the pupil of the famous Master, to whom her voice had at the first seemed to hold the promise of a great future.

And the Angel, who sent her the Wonder Ball? Ah, thank God! there are many such, walking up and down on the earth, in tailor gowns and charming hats, whose happiness it is to seek and find these precious jewels in the rough.—*Emma Sherwood Chester, in December Wide Awake.*

What to do before Christmas.

Think of the forlornest people you know. Sit down and make a list of them. They don't all live in poorhouses or in old ladies' homes. There is old Mrs. Grant. Her husband is a grouchy invalid. He doesn't believe in Christmas. And when his wife gives him the customary salutation on that happy morning he usually grunts. She left a bright, jolly family when she married Grant. They are all dead. When Christmas comes her heart is full of longing. Make up a little Christmas packet for her, if only a white apron and a five-cent Christmas card lying between its folds; a yard of delicate edging that you have knit yourself; a little box with a quire of paper, envelopes, pens, holder, and a pretty pen-wiper. The whole can be procured for a few cents. On those rare occasions when the old lady writes a letter, she will get out her box with a thrill of pleasure. The little gift will do her good all the year.

There is Miss Bandoline, the country milliner. She takes care of her old father, and has hard work to make the two ends meet. How she loves pretty things! How she has denied herself year after year! Her face grows wistful as the Christmas season comes. She has a little stock of holiday goods for her customers. The giddy young factory girls flock in, and talk and laugh and buy, each with her innocent plot to mystify her friends. It makes her lonesome to see them. Send her a pretty calendar, so that every day when she looks at it she will have an inspiring memory. It will be as if you said "Merry Christmas" to her every day in the year.

There is your third cousin who works in a tailor's shop. She has wished all her life that she could afford to take the *Atlantic*, for she has literary tastes, and sometimes quite secretly writes a little bit of sentimental verse as an outlet for her feelings. If you knew her signature you might read her longings in the corner of some country paper. Send her the magazine of her choice, and make her happy for a year. There is a farmer's boy of your acquaintance who saves all his spare money to buy books, but can buy very few; add to his little library a volume or two full of inspiration and help. Recall to your mind some shut-in friend; send her a box of confectionery tied with ribbons, or a dozen oranges to give her a festive look. Where there are many little ones, half a dozen gingham aprons would be "such a help," or a few pairs of little stockings knit at odd moments to the neglect of the perhaps useless fancy work. Steal Tot's or Dot's or Dick's worn-out garment and imitate in new material, and your sewing-machine will sing a Christmas carol as it stitches. I do not class the mother of a flock of children among the forlorn ones; but she is often very needy of help. Then there is the old couple from whose home all the children have gone to that other home whence they cannot send Christmas greetings. "There

is nobody to get Christmas dinner for," says the old wife. She and the "old man" have fallen into a dreamy routine. Send them half a dozen mince pies, or cake, a roast chicken or a plum-pudding; they will think of it and talk about it for weeks to come. And the Christmas cards—they are becoming a little intrusive, so thickly do they fly in some quarters. Don't send them where there are likely to be a great many received. Send them to obscure country homes, to the lonely, the forgotten, the invalid. Send them to people who will say, "Who in the world thinks enough of me to send me a Christmas card?" I fear that Santa Claus does not always discriminate wisely, generous old soul that he is. It should be our business to put a flea in his ear a few weeks before Christmas.

—M. F. Butts in *Christian Union*.

POETRY.

Hymn.

SUNG AT CHRISTMAS BY THE SCHOLARS OF ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, & C.

"None in all the world before
Were ever glad as we!
We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home and free."

Thou Friend and Helper of the poor,
Who suffered for our sake,
To open every prison door,
An I every yoke to break!

Bend low thy pitying face and mild,
And help us sing and pray;
The hand that blessed the little child,
Upon our foreheads lay.

We hear no more the driver's horn,
No more the whip we fear,
This holy day that saw thee born,
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,
The waters brighter smile;
O never shone a day so glad
On sweet St. Helen's Isle.

We praise thee in our songs to-day
To thee in prayer we call,
Make swift the feet and straight the way
Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord!
Come walking on the sea!
And let the main lands hear the word
That sets the islands free!

—John G. Whittier.

The Poet's Eightieth Birthday.

His name need scarcely be mentioned, for we have but one octogenarian poet, and there is no other, old or young, so dear to American hearts. He has sung the songs of the people and of country life, of shoemakers and fishermen and lumbermen, the songs of freedom and right, of faith and peace and Eternal Goodness. Other poets attract our admiration—we love John Greenleaf Whittier.

The poet attained his four score years on Saturday last, and his home at Oak Knoll in Danvers was visited by many who came from near and far to grasp his hand and say their sincere greetings. The Governor of the Commonwealth was there, and was asked by Mr. Whittier to cut the great birthday cake which bore this inscription: *Who loves his fellow-man wins heaven before life closes.* Among the visitors was a company of school-children, representing in fact many others who in distant cities had special exercises in memory of their favorite poet. Among the souvenirs sent was one which particularly pleased him, a picture from Hampton Institute, Virginia, the frame of which was made by students from the wood of a war-chapel built by Union troops, with lines carved upon it expressive of the gratitude of their race. A new town in California, named Whittier, sent him an advance sheet of its new newspaper printed on white satin. Geo. Bancroft, Holmes, Lowell and many others sent letters of loving congratulation. Among the callers were Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps of Andover, whose graceful verse of greeting had appeared with many other tributes in a "special Whittier edition" of Saturday's *Advertiser*. Mr. Whittier seemed in good health and moved about among his various classes of visitors with his accustomed simplicity and kindness of manner, only expressing his surprise that so much attention should be paid to his birthday—he had done nothing to deserve it.

We have selected for our poem this week, one specially characteristic of the charming expressiveness of his style and the warm love of his heart for the oppressed, while it also befits the day we keep in memory of the

"Lord and Master of us all."

OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

Publisher's Notes of Holiday Goods.

We were obliged to omit the notice of many displays of holiday gifts in our last issue, but there are yet several days of the holiday season with ample opportunity to buy and distribute this class of goods.

SMITH AND MANNING.

This is one of the oldest and most successful business houses in Andover, and their special attractions for this season are calling out many buyers. They carry, probably, the largest stock of fancy crockery, vases, lamps, etc., in town, and we notice very handsome designs in these goods. Handkerchiefs, laces, and toilet cases, in attractive designs, are found in great variety and at prices as low as the lowest. In the grocery department we find fancy brands of raisins, prunes, nuts, etc., selected with an eye to the pleasure of many old and some new customers.

THE SHOE MEN.

They all have about the same things and all have their regular customers, and whether you trade with Brown, Wright, or Sears, you are well booted. But for Christmas—we have never seen a man who did not like a pretty pair of slippers and many handsome designs are shown by our dealers. And how many boys would like their first pair of top boots this Christmas?

J. M. BRADLEY.

One of the best stores in town, with a most carefully selected stock, where may be found many suitable things for holiday shoppers,—handkerchiefs (including some new Japanese designs), silk and linen, mufflers, scarfs, gentlemen's jewelry, and furnishing goods, and many other useful articles.

GEO. C. LYLE.

A new store in town, but not a new citizen. There are many things which please the children, toys, picture books, etc., and many a child's stocking will contain a toy or a bag of candy from this store.

W. H. EATON, ARTHUR BLISS.

Mr. Eaton and Mr. Bliss are too well known in Andover to need any special notice. Both are young men who study to please their customers, and they have in stock many most pleasing things. Mr. Eaton offers a boy's watch, very cheap, spectacles, eye-glasses, clocks, etc., and in the drug department we find cologne, toilet-cases, brushes and combs in great variety.

REA & ABBOTT.

How often you hear the ladies say that a butcher never has anything new. Perhaps this is so. And yet when you look at the large variety of meats and provisions found in such a market as we have in Andover, we are tempted to doubt the statement. Turkeys, geese, ducks, etc., with celery, lettuce and all such relishes, offer the housekeeper most tempting chances to provide the Christmas dinner.

DOBLE & CURRIER.

Groceries wholly and in a great variety. This firm has a large business in Lawrence and their stores are filled with the choicest brands of all kinds of butter, flour and fancy groceries. Fruit, nuts, raisins, etc., will attract the holiday buyer at their store on Main St.

SAUNDERS BROS.

Sell the Glenwood ranges and they are handsome stoves. Few people give so expensive and useful a present but if the few are in the market this year they should see the Glenwood before buying.

THE ANDOVER BOOKSTORE.

Probably the finest gift books for the year are Miss Jerome's One Year's Sketch Book and her Bunch of Violets. We find these here, also The Bridal of Trierman, and many other book novelties. Standard diaries, a Webster or Worcester's dictionary, Christmas cards, etc., with many novelties in stationery make a most attractive holiday display. Miss Blake's etchings of Familiar Places in Andover are correct as well as tasteful pictures, and specially suitable for sending to those who love Andover as their old home.

Nothing could be more appropriate or acceptable at this particular time than the works of the poet Whittier, of which there are two or three different editions for sale there. There is also a table of standard books, which have been some time on the shelves and are sold at a small price—10 to 40 cents.

Forefathers' Day,

Or Forefathers' Night, as it has now come to be, is celebrated more generally and heartily every year. The world begins to realize that the Pilgrims and the Puritans were great men, and did a great work. The observances this year have been numerous and successful. At the Young Men's Christian Union in Boston, Sunday evening, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury represented our Boston, and Rev. W. S. Key the "old Boston" in England.

The Merrimack Valley Congregational Club had their Festival at the First church vestries in Lowell. Rev. Wm. E. Park offered the prayer of thanks before the supper, at which one hundred and seventy guests sat down, forty of whom were from Andover. Rev. Mr. Makepeace, as chairman of the executive committee, made announcement as to the February meeting, members were elected, and others proposed for election at the next meeting. Among the former were Messrs. M. S. McCurdy, John W. Bell, John N. Cole, and J. Newton Cole of Andover; among the latter, Messrs. M. C. Gile and Jos. A. Smart of Andover, and David Kinley of North Andover. Rev. Dr. J. M. Greene paid a tribute to three members who had died during the year—Hon. Oliver R. Clark of Tewksbury, Rev. Dr. Street of Lowell, and Rev. Chas. Smith of Andover. Professor Harris of Andover made an address of special interest and appropriateness on Church work in the days of our fathers, and was followed by Rev. S. W. Adriance of Lowell, and Mr. G. C. How of Haverhill.

The Boston Congregational Club had its festival on Monday evening at Music Hall, and was attended by nearly a thousand guests including there, as at Lowell, the representatives of the foremothers of New England. The speeches were by C. W. Hill, the president of the Club, Governor Ames, Mr. Samuel L. Clemmens (Mark Twain), Hon. Everett Saltonstall, Rev. W. L. Gage, Lt. Gov. Brackett, and by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. It was a significant fact in itself that the President of the New York Central Railroad should come to Boston to address its ministers, and his speech was eloquent and impressive.

The Churches.

Rev. Mr. Blair's sermon Sunday was upon Worldliness, from 1 John 2:15, 16. The rector of Christ church preached from 1 Pet. 2:11—"as pilgrims and strangers"—and in the evening from Heb. 10: 7. At the Free church, Rev. F. B. Makepeace preached from Matt. 25:40, and from Ps. 85:13. Father Ryan's sermon was on the preparation necessary to celebrate the coming of Christ (Luke 3:4). At the Chapel church, Prof. Hincks's sermon was from Matt. 5:17—the significance of Christ's coming today into the world's life and into individual lives. At the afternoon service, he read the narrative of the bargain between Esau and Jacob, and spoke upon the folly and wrong of betting.

Rev. Mr. Wilbur preached from Eccl. 3:1—Times and seasons in the spiritual world.

Prof. Moore preached last Sabbath at Wakefield, and Seminary students as follows: Messrs. C. M. Clark at Neponset; L. D. Bliss at High St. church, Lowell; in New Hampshire, Messrs. T. M. Edmunds at Mason, E. B. Stiles at Hebron, G. F. Kennigott at Andover, E. A. Keep at Bristol, A. D. Smith at Marlboro, J. W. Buckham at the Free Baptist church, Epsom. Mr. William Slade will supply temporarily the pulpit of the Congregational church in Shirley. Mr. W. Rader of the Seminary has been holding a series of meetings in the South church, Lawrence, Rev. Clark Carter, pastor, with special reference to preparation for the work of Rev. Dr. Pentecost which is to begin soon.

Rev. D. H. Colcord formerly of Danvers, and an "Andover man," who went to Southern California two or three years ago for his health, has just been installed pastor at Monrovia, Los Angeles County, the new church which he has formed being recognized at the same time.

At the Pilgrim Hall ministers' meeting Monday-morning, Rev. Dr. William Barrows of Reading spoke on The Rocky Mountains from the Saddle, and Rev. B. Fay Mills added a humorous account of his two years' experience at Deadwood.

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